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Durckinck Collection.
Presented in 1878.

This volume is so badly damaged
that it should not be kept

in circulation. All of the pieces
here included are to be found

in Huntington Club; Complete works
of Lodge. # 115, 883

F. A. Trayer



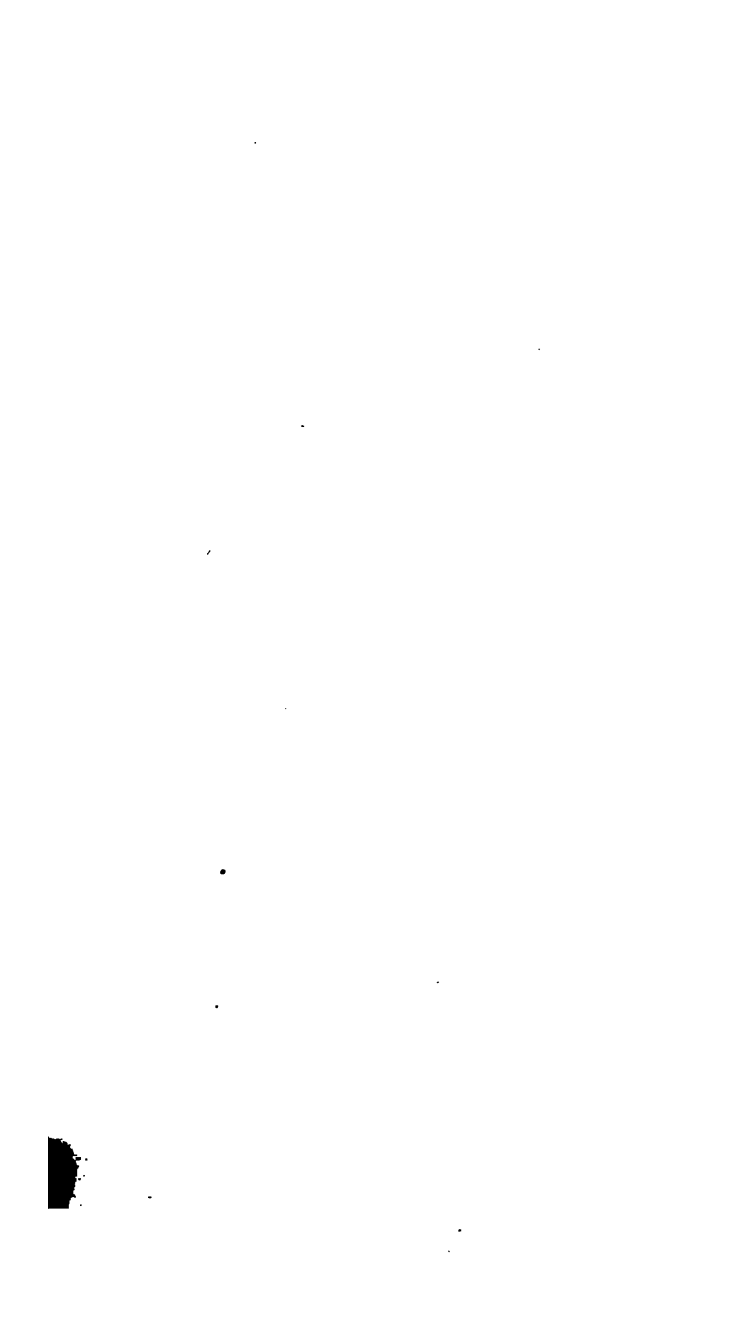




POEMS

BY

THOMAS LODGE.



GLAUCUS AND SILLA.

WITH OTHER

LYRICAL AND PASTORAL

Poems.

BY THOMAS LODGE.



Christchurch

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,

COLLEGE HOUSE.

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PREFACE.

THOMAS Lodge is said by Wood to have been of a Lincolnshire family, and was probably born about the year 1556. In 1573 he made his entry into the University of Oxford, and became a Servitor or Scholar of Trinity College, "under the learned and virtuous Sir Edward Hobbye." Here his talent for verse soon discovered itself, and he was known and distinguished as an excellent scholar, and successful votary of the Muse. It should seem that he soon after quitted his peaceful studies for a more adventurous life, and made a voyage with Captain Clarke to the Canaries*, and probably another with Cavendish†. During the leisure afforded

*—"being my selfe first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes.—Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke: rough as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas."—*Dedication to the Lord of Hunsdon*, "Euphues." Edit. 1592.

† "Touching the place where I wrote this, it was in those straits christened by Magelan; in which place to the southward many wonderous Iles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagones withdrew my senses; briefly, many bitter and extreme frosts at midsommer continually clothe and clad the discomfortable mountains."—*Dedication to the Lady Russell, Margarite of America*, 1596.

In the address "to the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to the same work, he says: "Som foure yeres since being at sea with M. Candish (whose memorie if I repent not, I lament not) it was my chance in the librarie of the Iesuits in Sanctum to find this historie in the Spanish tong."

him at sea, he exercised his invention in the pro-
of one or two of the novels which he gave to th
on his return. He is said by Wood to have
medicine at Avignon, and to have taken his de
Doctor in that faculty there: thus abandoning
productive life of a poet, and wisely embracing th
profitable one of a Physician, but possibly rath
necessity than choice*. The dedication to one
pieces, in 1596, is dated "from my house at Low
in Essex: but he appears to have been ultimately
in London, and to have practised very extensive
profession. It is presumed that he was a catholi
was much patronised by persons of that religio
dwelt in 1603, in Warwick Lane, and complain
preface to his "Treatise of the Plague," of the
ance he met with from an advertising quack, w
become his neighbour, and put forth bills pr
miracles. "At the first he underwrit not his
every one that red them came flocking to me, co
me by great profers and perswasions to store the
my promised preservatives. These importun
theirs made me both agreeved, and amazed; a
because of that loathsome imposition which v
upon me, to make myselfe vendible, (which is vi
a liberal and gentle minde, much more ill bese
phisitian and philosopher, who ought not to pr
so sacred a profession so abjectly, but be a conte
base and servile desire of mony," &c. He aft
resided on Lambert Hill, and not long before h

*In the title, to "Glaucus and Scilla, 1589," and to "Diogenes, in his singularitie," 1591, he stiles himself "T. L. of Inne, Gent." so that he may have previously intended applyin
to the law as a profession. He is also thus designated in th
"A Fig for Momus."—1595.

he removed to the vicinity of Old Fish Street, where, says Wood: "he made his last exit (of the plague I think) in September, 1625, leaving then behind him a widow called Joan." The place of his interment is not known, but it was probably in the church or church-yard of St. Mary Magdalen, close by.

The present is an attempt to collect together the verses of this unjustly neglected poet. A second part will contain the "Fig for Momus," (which has already been made known to a few select literati, by the very elegant fac-simile printed at the private press of Alexander Boswell, Esq. M. P. of Auchinlech,) to this will be added such other fugitive verses as have hitherto eluded my researches; his "Phillis," and those poems in the "England's Helicon," and "Phoenix Nest," which are not already in the present collection.

Sir Egerton Brydges, in his preface to "England's Helicon," has paid a just and eloquent tribute to his genius, and says with great truth, that "In Lodge we find whole pastorals and odes which have all the ease, polish, and refinement of a modern author." It is indeed true that "Ignorance did never more impudently expose itself than when it awarded to Waller the praise of having first refined our verse, and to Pope that of having perfected it!" for the present volume will manifestly shew that this refinement was happily anticipated by Lodge, not to name some of his more powerful cotemporaries. He has also a claim to be considered the "first English satirist," preceding the publication of Hall's Satires by two years, and writing with a spirit, ease, and harmony, never surpassed, if equalled by him; yet observe the capricious nature of posthumous fame, the "Fig for Momus" is almost un-

known to modern readers, while Hall enjoys high and not unmerited reputation, but which might justly be shared by Lodge. If the limits of this brief preface would allow it, beautiful specimens might be adduced of natural sentiment, simplicity, purity and sweetness of expression in the following compositions; but the reader will be better pleased to make his own selection, and I have yet some exquisite morsels in store for him. Away then with the flimsy, petulant, and sweeping censure of Mr. George Steevens, who, in mentioning Shakspeare's use of the "Euphues," in framing the fable of his exquisite comedy of "As You Like it," remarks, that "he has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals." This must have been written in one of those purblind or splenetic moods which occasionally overtook the critic, and which made him pronounce the immortal Shakspeare a worse sonneteer than Watson, and say that no act of parliament, however strongly framed, would compel any one to read his poems. Let the reader turn to "Rosalind's Madrigal," at p. 77, taken from this condemned performance, and decide.

It must be acknowledged that Lodge is not always free from the defects which mark the poetry of his age, and occasional quaintness and conceit disfigure his compositions, yet upon the whole he is more free from them, than many of his more celebrated cotemporaries; and we can only account for the neglect into which he has fallen, by supposing that his scattered pamphlets have been so rare as to elude the search of those who from time to time have done justice to our earlier poets. This rarity has operated in the present instance, for in the following list of his pieces, which contains all I have found any

notice of, there are two or three which I have as yet not been fortunate enough to get access to.

Alarum against Usurers,—with the Delectable History of Forbopius and Prisceria.—1584.

Scillaes Metamorphosis, with sundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets.—1589.

Catharos. Diogenes in his Singularitie, &c. christened by him a Nettle for Nice Noses.—1591.

The Life and Death of William Longbeard, &c. accompanied with many other prettie Histories.—1593.

Rosalynde. Euphues' Golden Legacy.—1590, 1592, 1620.

Phillis: honoured with Pastoral Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights. Whereunto is annexed the Tragical Complaint of Elstred (*consisting of 40 Sonnets*) 4to.—1593.

A Fig for Momus: containing Pleasant Varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles.—1595.

A Margarite of America.—1596.

The Diuel Conjured.—1596.

Wits Miserie, and the World's Madnesse. Discovering the Devil's incarnate of this Age.—1596.

The Wounds of Civil War: lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Silla.—1594.

A Treatise of the Plague.—1603.

The Poore Man's Legacie, a Treatise on Domestic Medicine; addressed to the Countess of Arundel. MS.

The Works of L. A. Seneca, folio.—1614, 1620.

The History of Josephus, folio.—1602, 1609, 1620.

A Looking Glass for London and England; a Tragi-Comedy, written in conjunction with Robert Greene, 4to.—London: 1598.

A Treatise in Defence of Plays, in Answer to Stephen Gosson, 16mo. Date unknown.

He prefixed a commendatory address to the Countess of Lincolne's Nurserie, 4to.—Oxford: 1622. .

"Promos and Cassandra," a play, has been erroneously attributed to him by Mr. Ellis. It is well known to have been the production of George Whetstone.

In "England's Helicon," and the "Phoenix' Nest," are several beautiful poems by Lodge, not in the present collection. It has been already observed that these will be incorporated in an intended *second part* of his poems, toward the formation of which I have powerful promises of assistance, and make no doubt that I shall ultimately have the pleasure of presenting a complete body of Lodge's poetry.

S. W. S.

BUSHEY, HERTS,
Jan. 30, 1819.

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SCILLAES

Metamorphosis :

Enterlaced

with the unfortunate loue
of *Glaucus*.

*Whereunto is annexed the delectable discourse
of the discontented Satyre: with sundrie other
most absolute Poems and Sonnets.*

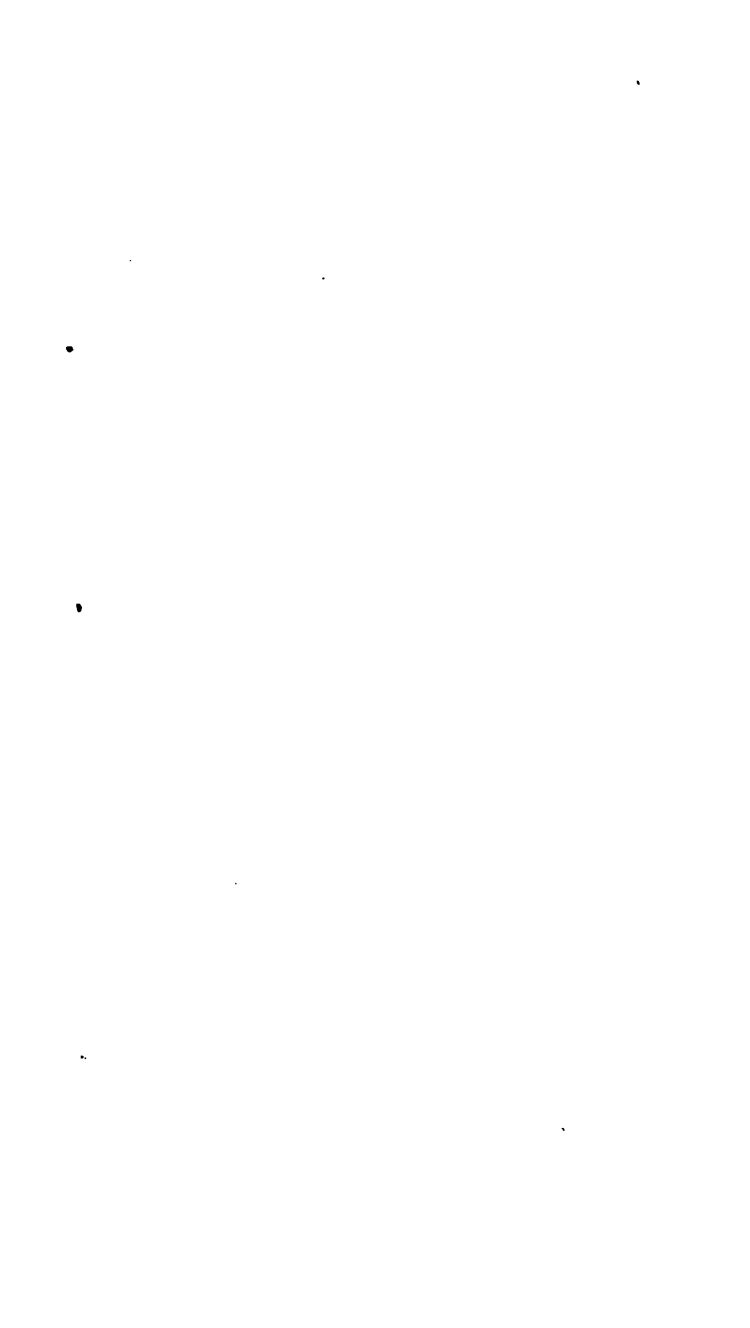
*Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Dis-
daine, and Comick triumph of Constan-
cie: Verie fit for young Courtiers to
peruse, and coy Dames to
remember.*

By *Thomas Lodge* of *Lincolnes
Inne, Gentleman.*

O vita! misero longa, fœlici brevis.

*

Imprinted at London by *Richard Jhones*,
and are to be sold at his shop neere Holburne
bridge, at the signe of the Rose and
Crowne. 1589.



To His Especiall
good friend Master Rafe Crane
and *the rest of his most entire* well wil-
lers, the Gentlemen of the Innes
of Court and Chauncerie Tho-
mas *Lodge of Lincolnes Inne*
Gent wisheth increase of
worship and continu-
ance in vertue.

SWEETE Master Crane I had not thought at this instant to haue partaked my passions with the print, whose discontented thoughts so long inured to obscuritie, were diuorsed many yeares since, from vaine glories inordinate follie: but the base necessitie of an extrauagant melancholie mate, that had no other *vnde of quod ad victum attinet* but the forestalling of other mens inuentions,

made my unperfit Poems (in spite of waste paper) to hazard an apprenticeship in Poules: so that that which in the first peeping forth was wholie predestinate to your friendship by an vnderhand marte, is made the mercinarie recreation of euerie ridiculous mate. Our wits now a daies are waxt uerie fruitefull, and our Pamphleters more than prodigall: so that the postes which strode naked a tedious *non terminus*, doo vaunt their double apparrell as soone as euer the Exchequer openeth; and euerie corner is tooke vp with some or other penelesse companion that will imitate any estate for a two-pennie almes. I could afford you whole seruices of absurdities, that would disquiet the digestion of *Arte vsque ad pascam*, were it not that I pittie to particularize simple fellowes imperfections, and am altogether loath to aduventure my paines in so vngratefull a Province. For transformed *Scilla* howeuer she hapned now

to bee disioyned from disdainfull *Charybdis*: thinke not but if they haue good shipping they wil meete ere long both in one shop: and landed they had at this instant, in one and the selfe same bay, if *Scilla* (the vnfortunater of the two) had not met with a mudie pirate by the way. Ariued shee is, though in a contrary coast, but so wrackt, and weatherbeaten, through the vnskilfulnes of rough writers, that made their poast haste passage by night, as *Glaucus* would scarce know her, if he met her: yet my hope is Gentlemen, that you wil not so much imagine what she is, as what shee was: insomuch as from the shop of the Painter, shee is falne into the hands of the stainer. Thus referring the supportance of my credit, and the inability of my verse to your ingenious opinions, I bid you farewel til the next Tearm; at which time I hope to entertaine your seuerall delights, with farre better discourses, and bee

suppliant to my good friend Master *Crane*, in
some or other more acceptable Poem. In the
meane time let my appliable *voluisse*, intitle me
to your curtesie: whose I am during life in all
enterchangeable dutie.

Your friend assured

THOMAS LODGE.

*How
19c. 11*

This said with angrie lookes away she hasted,
As fast as flie the flouds before the winds :
When I poore soule with wretched sorrowes wasted,
Exclainde on loue, which wit and reason blinds :
And banisht from her bowre with wofull poasting
I bent myselfe to seeke a forreine coasting.

At last in wandring through the greater seas
It was my chance to passe the noted streights :
And wearied sore in seeking after ease,
Amidst the creekes, and watrie coole receits,
I spied from farre by helpe of sonnie beames
A fruitfull ile begirt with ocean streames.

Westward I fleted, and with heedfull eie
Beheld the chalkie cliffes that tempt the aire,
Till at the last it was my chance to spie
A pleasant entrance to the flouds repaire ;
Through which I prest, and wandring there be-
held
On either side a sweete and fruitfull field.

Isis (the ladie of that louely streame)
Made holiday in view of my resort ;
And all the nimphes of that her watrie realme
Gan trip for ioy, to make me mickle sport :
But I poore soule with no such ioyes contented,
Forsooke their bowers, and secretly lamented.

All solitarie rome I heere about,
Now on the shoare, now in the streame I weepe,
Fire burns within, and gastly feare without,
No rest, no ease, no hope of any sleepe:
Poore banisht God, heere haue I still remained,
Since time my Silla hath my sutes disdained.

And heere consort I now with haplesse men,
Yeelding them comfort, (though my wound be cure-
lesse),
Songs of remorse I warble now and then,
Wherein I curse fond Loue and Fortune durelesse,
Wan hope my weale, my trust but bad aduenture,
Circumference is care, my heart the center.

Whilst thus he spake, fierce Ate charmd his tongue,
His senses faild, his armes were folded straight,
And now he sighes, and then his heart is stung;
Againe he speakes gainst fancies fond deceit,
And teares his tresses with his fingers faire,
And rents his roabs, halfe mad with deepe despaire,

The piteous nimphes that viewd his heauie plight,
And heard the sequell of his bad successe,
Did loose the springs of their remorsefull sight,
And wept so sore to see his scant redresse:
That of their teares there grew a pretie brooke
Whose christall cleares the clowdes of penciu
looke.

Alas woes me, how oft have I bewept
So fair, so yong, so louely, and so kinde,
And whilst the God vpon my bosome slept,
Behelde the scarres of his afflicted minde,
Imprinted in his yuorie brow by care,
That fruitlesse fancie left unto his share.

My wandring lines bewitch not so my sences,
But, gentle muse direct their course aright,
Delays in tragicke tales procure offences:
Yeeld me such feeling wordes, that whilst I wright
My working lines may fill mine eyes with languish,
And they to note my mones may melt with anguish.

The wofull Glaucus thus with woes attained,
The penciuie nimphes agreeud to see his plight,
The flouds and fields with his laments acquainted,
Myselfe amazd to see this heaueie sight;
On sodaine Thetis with her traine approched,
And grauely thus her amorous sonne reproched.

“ My sonne (said she) immortall haue I made thee
Amidst my watrie realmes who may compare
Or match thy might? Why then should care inuade
thee,

That art so yong, so louely, fresh and faire.
Alas fond God, it merits great reprocuing
In states of worth, to doate on foolish louing.

“Come wend with me, and midst thy father’s bowre
Let us disport and frolicke for a while
In spite of Loue: although he powte and lowre,
Good exercise will idle lusts beguile:

Let wanton Scilla coy her where she will,
Liue thou my sonne by reasons leuell still.”

Thus said the goddesse: and although her words
Gaued signes of counsaile, pompe and maiestie:
Yet, nathelesse, her piteous eye affoords
Some pretie witnesse to the standers by,
That in her thoughts (for all her outward show)
She mourn’d to see her sonne amated so.

But (welladay) her words have little force,
The haples louer worne with working woe
Upon the ground lay pale as any corse,
And were not teares which from his eyes did flowe,
And sighes that witnesse he enioyd his breath,
They might haue thought him citizen of death.

Which spectacle of care made Thetis bow,
And call on Glaucus, and command her sonne
To yeelde her right: and her aduice allow
But (woe) the man whome fancie had vndone
Nill marke her rules: nor words, nor weeping
teares
Can fasten counsaile in the louer’s eares.

The queene of sea, with all her nimphes assured,
That no persuation might releue his care:
Kneeling adowne, their faltering tongues enured
To tempt fair Venus by their vowed praier:
The course whereof, as I could beare in minde
With sorrowing sobbes they vttered in this kinde.

“ Borne of the sea, thou Paphian Queene of loue,
Mistris of sweete conspiring harmonie:
Lady of Cipris, for whose sweete behoue
The sheepeheards praise the youth of Thessallie:
Daughter of Ioue, and sister to the Sonne,
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.

“ So maist thou baine thee in th’ Arcadian brookes,
And play with Vulcan’s riual when thou list,
And calme his iealous anger by thy lookes,
And knit thy temples with a roseat twist,
If thou thy selfe and thine almightie sonne
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.

“ May earth still praise thee for her kinde increase:
And beasts adore thee for their fruitfull wombes,
And fowles with noates thy praises neuer cease,
And bees admire thee for their honnie combes;
So thou thy selfe, and thine almightie sonne,
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.”

No sooner from her reuerent lips were past
Those latter lines, but mounting in the East,
Faire Venus in her iuorie coatch did hast,
And toward those penciue dames, her course address:
Her dones so plied their wauing wings with flight
That straight the sacred goddesses came in sight.

Upon her head she bare that gorgeous crowne
Wherein the poore Amyntas is a starre,
Her louely lockes, her bosome hang adowne
(Those netts that first insnar'd the God of warre):
Delicious louely shine her prettie eies,
And one * her cheekes carnation cloudes arise.

The stately roab she ware upon her back
Was lillie white, wherein with cullored silke;
Her nimphes had blaz'd the young Adonis' wrack,
And Læda's rape by swan as white as milke,
And on her lap her louely sonne was plaste,
Whose beautie all his mother's pompe defaste.

A wreath of roses hem'd his temples in,
His tresse was curlede and cleere as beaten gold;
Haught were his lookes, and louely was his skin,
Each part as pure as heauen's eternall mold,
And on his eies a milke white wreath was spred,
Which longst his backe with prettie pleits did shed.

* On.

Venus herselfe and her fair sonne gan hie
 Within their iuorie coach, drawne forth by dounes,
 After this haples nimph, their power to trie:
 The nimphes in hope to see their vowed loues,
 Gan cut the watrie boasom of the tide,
 As in Cayster Phoebus birds doe glide.

Thetis in pompe vpon a Triton's back
 Did poast her straight attended by her traine;
 But Glaucus free from loue by louers wrack,
 Seeing me penciuie, where I did remaine,
 Upon a dolphin horst me (as he was)
 Thus on the ocean hand in hand we passe.

Our talk midway was naught but still of wonder,
 Of change, of chaunce, of sorrow, and her ending;
 I wept for want: he said, time brings men under,
 And secret want can finde but small befrending.
 And as he said, in that before I tried it
 I blamde my wit forewarnd, yet neuer spied it.

That neede I talke the order of my way,
 And first course was steersman while my bark did saile,
 Into that ship conceit, and fancie was my bay:
 That like Aeneas faile me, then faint my Muse and faile,
 To come the we brought us where the haples nimph so-
 And so he iourned,
 Beating the weeping waues that for her mourned.

He that hath seene the northren blastes dispoile
The pompe of Prime, and with a whistling breath
Blast and dispearse the beauties of the soile;
May thinke upon her paines more worse than death.
Alas, poor lasse, the Ecchoes in the rockes
Of Sicilie, her piteous plaining mockes.

Eccho her selfe when Scilla cried out, O loue!
With piteous voice from out her hollow den
Returnd these words, these words of sorrow, (no,
loue).
No loue (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth Eccho),
To euerie word the nimph didd answere so.

For euery sigh, the rockes returnes a sigh;
For euerie teare their fountaines yeelds a drop;
Till we at last the place approached nigh,
And heard the nimph that fed on sorrowes sop
Make woods, and waues, and rockes, and hills
admire
The wonderous force of her vntam'd desire.

Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst Eccho sings
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth Scilla
The wretch reportes: and then her armes she wrings
Whilst Eccho tells her this, he hateth Scilla.
No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth Eccho) then,
Then fie on men: when she said, fie on men,

Furie and Rage, Wan-hope, Dispaire and Woe,
From Ditis den by Ate sent, drewe nie:
Furie was red, with rage his eyes did gloe,
Whole flakes of fire from foorth his mouth did flie,
His hands and armes ibath'd in blood of those
Whome fortune, sinne, or fate made countries
foes.

Rage, wan and pale vpon a tiger sat,
Knauing vpon the bones of mangled men;
Naught can he view, but he repin'de thereat:
His lockes were snakes bred forth in Stigian den,
Next whom, Dispaire that deepe disdained elf
Delightlesse liude, still stabbing of her self.

Woe all in blacke, with a her hands did beare
The fatall torches of a funerall,
Her cheekes were wet, dispearsed was hir heare,
Her voice was shrill (yet loathsome therewith all):
Wan-hope (poore soule) on broken ancker sitts,
Wringing his armes as robbed of his witts.

These fiae at once the sorrowing nimph assaile,
And captiue lead her bound into the rocks,
Where howling still she striues for to preuaile,
With anaile yet striues she: for hir locks
Are chang'd with wonder into hideous sands,
And hard as flint become her snow-white hands.

The waters howle with fatall tunes about her,
The aire dooth scoule when as she turnes within them,
The winds and waues with puffes and billowes skout
her,

Waues storme, aire scoules, both wind and waues
begin them [in,

To make the place this mournful nimph doth weepe
A haples haunt whereas no nimph may keepe in.

The sea-man wandring by that famous isle,
Shuns all with feare despairing Scillaes bowre,
Nimphes, sea-gods, Syrens when they list to smile
Forsake the haunt of Scilla in that stowre:

Ah nimphes, thought I, if euerie coy one felt
The like mishappes, their flintie hearts would melt.

Thetis reioyst to see her foe deprest,
Glaucus was glad, since Scilla was enthrald;
The nimphs gan smile to boast their Glaucus rest:
Venus and Cupid in their throanes enstald,

At Thetis beck to Neptune's bowre repaire,
Whereas they feast amidst his pallace faire.

Of pure immortal Nectar is their drinke,
And sweete Ambrosia dainties doo repast them,
The Tritons sing, Palemon smiles to thinke
Upon the chance, and all the nimphs doo hast them
To trick vp mossie garlands, where they wonne,
For louely Venus and her conquering sonne.

From fourth the fountaines of his mothers store,
 Glaucus let flie a daintie christall baine
 That washt the nimphs with labour tir'd before :
 Cupid hee trips among the louely traine,
 Alonely I apart did write this storie
 With many a sigh and heart full sad and sorie.

Glaucus when all the goddesses tooke rest,
 Mounted vpon a dolphin full of glee :
 Conneide me friendly from this honored feast,
 And by the way, such sonnets song to me,
 That all the dolphins neighbouring of his glide
 Daunst with delight, his reuerend course beside.

At last he left me, where at first he found me,
 Willing me let the world and ladies knowe
 Of Scilla's pride, and then by oath he bound me
 To write no more of that whence shame dooth grow :
 Or tie my pen to pennie-knaues delight
 But liue with fame, and so for fame to wright.

LENGVOY.

Ladies he left me, trust me I missay not,
 But so he left me, as he wild me tell you:
 That nimphs must yeeld, when faithfull louers straiue
 not
 Least through contempt, almightie loue compell you
 With Scilla in the rockes to make your biding
 A cursed plague, for womens proud back-sliding

GLAUCUS' COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN BY THE SAID GENT.

THE billowes that by windes assisting breath
 Dooth beate vpon the rocks at last doo peirce them:
 Ah, then (thou gentle offspring of my death)
 Why faile my plaints, when penciue I rehearse them
 To wound thine eares? when as my words exceed
 them,
 And that my sighes insteade of windes doo leade
 them.

Along the floods I wander all forlorne,
 Nor may the sea-nimphes smiles enforce me play:
 But if I think, I think vpon thy scorne,
 And if I wish, I wish my dismall day,
 Oh fruites of loue, oh powrefull course of paine!
 That one should like the thing that hath him slaine.

Looke in my mothers christall face, faire maide,
 There read the storie of my bitter state;
 By teares her siluer floatings haue alaid,
 Her troubled lookes foreshowe my wretched fate:
 If not for me, yet mourne her bitter weeping,
 And pittie him whose heart is in thy keeping.

Take pittie, Scilla, pittie thou thy loue,
For thou art faire, and beautie should haue pittie,
Ahlas! she flies, perswasions cannot moue her,
She is too wanton, or too foolish wittie:

Along the floates the scalie troopes encrease,
Yet nill she loue to maintain natures peace.

Oh, stepdame Nature, hast thou shut these faires
Within the rampeir of so deepe disdaine,
To kill a god with sorrowes and dispaire:
Would God thy powre (to lessen all my paine)
Were dead in her; or fancies quenchles fire
Might from my brest with ceaseles course retire.

But all in vaine (so vaine is loues pursute)
Trie I her eares, and tempt her hardned heart:
Cease wretched tongue, twere better still be mute,
Than tell a tale of grieve and endles smart
To her that grounds her glories on disdaine,
And takes a pride to viewe my bitter paine.

(Fond that I am) all these are faint supposes:
Imperious Loue (to shewe his endles power)
My tender and immortall heart encloses
Within the center of her louely towre:
That all may see, Loue's prison is her eie,
And gods must stoope vnto his deitie.

Yet (Loue) allot prescriptions vnto woe;
Els will the sowre exceed the sweete by farre:
Or leuell pittie from thy lawles bowe,
That sorrowe in excesse may cause a warre
That may consume, if not confound my life;
And I may seeme to die amidst the strife.

The deafe nill heare: both she and Loue together
Haue made a match to aggreuate my grieve:
I see my bell, there rests no hope in either:
From proud contempt there springeth no reliefe,
What rests there then, but since I may not gaine
her,
In piteous tearmes and teares for to complaine her.

FINIS.

THE DISCONTENTED SATYRE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS LODGE, GENT.

SUCH time as from her mothers tender lap
The night arose, guarded with gentle winds:
And with her precious dew refresht the sap
Of bloome and barke (whilst that her mantle blinds
The vaile of heauen) and euery bird was still,
Saue Philomele, that did bemoane her ill.

When in the west Orion lift aloft
His starrie crest, and smil'd vpon the twins:
And Cynthia, seemely bright (whose eie full oft
Had watcht her loue) with radiant light begins
To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cleere on Ocean streames.

When little winds in beating of their wings,
Did wooe the eies to leaue their wonted wake,
And all was husht saue Zephyrus, that sings
With louely breathings for the sea-nimphs sake:
My watchfull griefes perplext my minde so sore,
That forth I walkt my sorrowes to deplore.

The doaly season that resembled well
 My drooping heart, gaue life to my lament:
 Each twinckling lamp that in the heauens did dwell
 Can rest his course to hearken mine entent:
 Foorth went I still deuising on my feare
 Distinguishing each footstep with a teare.

My working thought deluding of my pace
 At last did bring me to a desert dale,
 (By enuious mountaines robd of Phoebus face)
 Where growes no hearbe to taste of deaws anaile,
 In midst thereof, vpon a bed of mosse
 A Satyre did his restles bodie tosse.

Stearne were his lookes, afflicting all the feelds
 That were in view; his bushie lockes vndrest
 With terror hang, his hauiour horror yeelds,
 And with the sight my sorrowes were supprest;
 So, neere I drewe, when sodenly he roase,
 And thus in tearmes his purpose did disclose.

Blush daies eternal lampe to see thy lot,
 Since that thy cleere with cloudy darkes is scard;
 Lowre on faire Cynthia for I like thee not;
 For borrowed beauties, merit no regard:
 Boast Discontent, naught may depresse thy powre,
 Since in thy selfe all grieve thou doost deuoure.

Thou art the God whome I alone adore
Whose powre includeth discords all in one,
Confusions are thy foode and fatall store,
Thy name is fear'd where thou art most vnknowne;
Thy grace is great, for fortunes laugh and lowre
Assailes them not, that glorie in thy powre.

The minde through thee diuines on endlesse things,
And formes a heauen through others fond mislikes,
Time loathes thy haunt, yet lends thee many wings:
Refined wits against thy bulwarke strikes;
And when their curious thoughts are ouerpast,
They scorne their bookes, and like thy bent at last.

For who but thou can yeeld them any gaine?
Deprive the world of perfect Discontent;
All glories end, true honor straight is slaine,
And life itselſe in errors course is spent,
All toile dooth sort but to a sorrie end,
For through mislikes, each learnes for to commend.

What made fierce Phillip's sonne to manage armes,
To vaile the pride of Persia by his sword,
But thou my God that he by others harmes
Might raise his seate: and thereby still afford
A cause of discontent to them that lost,
And hate in him that by their powre was crost.

Let ennie cease, what prince can make it knowne
How deere he loues his best esteemed friends;
For were not some of purpose ouerthrowne,
Who may discerne whereto true fauor tends:
Thus princes discontent dooth honor some,
And others through their hates to credit come.

Without thy helpe the soldier shunnes the feeld:
You studeous arts how fatall haps had you,
If discontents did not some succors yeeld?
Oh, fleeting Fame, who could thy grace pursue:
Did not my God send emulations out
To whet the wits and pens of Pallas' rout.

How could the heauens haue retrograde aspects
Without thy helpe? how might the plannets finde
Their oppositions, and their strange effects,
Unlesse thy powre assisted euerie kinde?
The aire by thee at first inuented voice,
Which once reuerberate, straight yeelds a noice.

The pencile man that with a careles hand
Hath shaddowed Venus, hates his slack regard;
And all amaz'd doth discontented stand,
And mends the same that he before had mard:
Who sees not then that it was Discontent
That sight to eie, and perfect iudgement lent?

The schooleman that with heedlesse flourish writes
Refines his fault, if thou direct his eie :
And then againe with wonder he endites
Such sweete sententious lines as neuer die :
 Lost in my selfe in praising of thy might
 My speech yeelds vp his office to delight.

This said, he smild, and on his restles bed
Reposde, and tost his indisposed lims :
A world of thoughts still hammerd in his head,
Now would he sleepe, and straight his couch he trims :
 And then he walkes, and therewith sits him downe :
 And faines to sing, yet endeth with a frowne.

I stood amaz'd and wondred at his words,
And sought to suck the soule from out his lips,
His rare discourse such wondrous ioye affords :
But vnawares like lightfoote fawne he trips
 Along the lawnes : and I with watch forespent,
 Drew home, and vowde to honor Discontent.

THOMAS LODGE.

FINIS.

SUNDRIE SWEETE SONNETS.

WRITTEN BY THE SAID GENT.

IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Most happie blest the man that midst his countrie
bowers

Without suspect of hate, or dread of enuious tongue
May dwell among his owne: not dreading fortunes
lowres,

Farre from those publique plagues that mightie men
hath stoong;

Whose libertie and peace is neuer sold for gaine,
Whose words doo neuer sooth a wanton princes
vaine.

Incertaine hopes, and vowes, doo neuer harme his
thought,

And vaine desires doo shunne the place of his repose;
He weepes no yeares mispent, nor want of that he
sought,

Nor reapes his gaine by words, nor builds vpon sup-
pose:

The stormes of troubled sea do neuer force his
fears,

Nor trumpets sound dooth chang his sleepes or
charme his ears.

Ambitions neuer build within his constant minde,
A cunning coy deceipt his soule dooth not disguise,
His firme and constant faith corruptions neuer blind,
He neuer waits his weale from princes wandring
eyes:

But liuing well, content with euerie kinde of thing,
He is his proper court, his fauor, and his king.

His will (restrained by wit) is neuer forst awrie,
Vaine hopes and fatall feares (the courtiers common
foes)

(Afraid by his foresight) doo shun his piercing eye;
And naught but true delight acquaints him where he
goes,

No high attempts to winne, but humble thoughts
and deeds,

The verie fruites and flowers that spring from vertues
seeds.

(O deities diuine) your godheads I adore
That haunt the hills, the feelds, the forrests and the
springs,

That make my quiet thoughts contented with my store,
And fixe my hopes on heauen, and not on earthly
things;

That driue me from desires, (in view of courtly strife),
And drawe me to commend the fields and countrie
life.

My thoughts are now enclosde within my proper land,
And if my bodie sleepe my minde dooth take his rest,
My simple zeale and loue my dangers doo withstand,
The mornings pleasant ayer inuites me from my nest,
If wether wax too warme I seeke the silent shade,
If frosts afflict, I striue for warmth by hunters trade.

Although my biding home be not imbest with gold,
And that with cunning skill my chambers are not drest
(Whereas the curious eye my sundrie sights behold)
Yet feedes my quiet lookes on thousand flowers at
least,
The treasures of the plaine, the beauties of the spring,
Made rich with roses sweete and euerie pleasant
thing.

Amidst the pallace braue pufte vp with wanton shewes
Ambicions dwell, and there false fauors find disguise,
There lodge consuming cares that hatch our common
woes :

Amidst our painted feelds the pleasant Fayrie lies,
And all those powers diuine, that with untrussed
tresses,
Contentment, happie loue, and perfect sport pro-
fesses.

So liuing, naught remaines my solace to betray ;
I heare the pleasant birds record their sacred straines,

When at the mornings rise they blesse the springing
day:

The murmuring fountains noise from out the marble
vaines,

Are pleasing to mine eares: whilst with a gentill fall
They fleete from hie, and serue to wet the meads
withall.

What sport may equal this, to see two prettie doues
When neb to neb they ioynes, in fluttering of their
wings,

And in their roundelaies with kisses seale their lounes?
Then wondering at the gifts which happie nature
brings;

What sport is it to sleepe and slumber by a well,
Whose fleeting falls maks show, some louely tale
to tell?

Oh what content to see amidst the darksome night
(When as the setting sonne hath left the moone in
place)

The nimphes amidst the vales and groues to take
delight

To dance, to leap, to skip, with sweet and pleasant
grace,

To giue greene gownes in sport, and in their trip-
ping make

By force of footing all the springing grasse to
quake.

Their dances brought to end, I lift my lookes one hie
To see the horned moone, and deskant on her hew
Cleeresiluer shining bright, and eftsoones then think I
Vpon that happie chance the Latmian sheheard knew:
Then doo I wish myselfe as faire a friend as she,
But watching I desire she might disport with me.

'Thus midst the silent night myselfe I doo content:
Then when as Phoebus' beames our hemisphere en-
flames;
A thousand change of sports for pleasure I inuent,
And feast my quiet thoughts with sundrie pleasant
games,
Now angle I awhile, then seek I for the chace,
And straight my limerods catch the sparrows on
the place.

I like, and make some loue: but yet in such a sort
'That naught but true delight my certaine sute pursues;
My libertie remaines, and yet I reape the sport,
Nor can the snares of loue my heedfull thoughts abuse:
But when I would forgoe, I haue the power to flie,
And stand aloofe and laugh, while others starue
and die.

My sweete and tender flocks (my faithfull feeld com-
peers)
You forrests, hoults, and groues, you meads and
mountaines hie,

Be you the witnesses of my contented yeares :
 And you, O sacred powers, vouchsafe my humble crie,
 And during all my daies, doo not those ioyes estrange ;
 But let them still remaine, and graunt no other
 change.

FINIS.

POEMS.

IN COMMENDATION OF A SOLITARIE LIFE.

Not yet forsaken (gentle Muse) draw neere,
 And helpe to wearie out these worldly thoughts ;
 Goe fit thy methode to my moodie cheere,
 For why fond pleasure now preuaileth noughts :
 Since where contents and wealthie state declines,
 The heart dooth droope, and dolefull be the lines.

Forthy (fond man) why rest I not at last ?
 My wings of hope are clipte by foule disgrace :
 The siluer downe of age now flocketh fast,
 Like mosse on oake to dwell vpon my face :
 And what with thought and time through want and
 ruth :
 I challenge care for ioy, and age for youth.

What fruites of former labours doo I finde ?
My studious pen dooth traffique for a scorne :
My due deserts are but repaid with winde ;
And what I earne, is naught but bitter mourne :
 In which accompt I reap but this aduise,
 To cease to clime, and liue contented wise.

But gentle Muse, where boadeth this content?
The princes court is fraught with endlesse woes,
Corruptions flocke where honours doo frequent,
The cities swarme with plagues, with sutes, with
 foes :

 High climbing wits doo catch a sodein fall,
 With none of those content list dwell withall.

Ah beautie of the double topped hill,
Thou saddest sister of the sacred Nine,
What fruitfull pleasure followeth now my quill?
What wondrous beauties blesse my drooping eine?
 Even such as earst the shepheard in the shade
 Beheld, when he a poet once was made.

Methinkes I see the deserts fresh arraid,
New mantled in their liueries of greene,
Whose frolicke pride makes smiling heauen apaid;
Wherein the nymphs doo wearie out their teene,
 Washing their iuorie in those murmuring springs,
 At whose kinde fall, the birds with pleasure sings.

See where the babes of memorie are laid
Vnder the shadow of Apollo's tree,
That pleit their garlands fresh, and well apaid,
And breath foorth lines of daintie poecie:
 Ah world farewell, the sight hereof dooth tell,
 That true content dooth in the desert dwell.

See where a caue presents itselfe to eie
By Nature's hand enforst in marble vaines;
Where climing cedars with their shades denie
The eye of day to see what there remaines:
 A couch of mosse, a brooke of siluer cleere,
 And more, for foode a flocke of sauage deere.

Then here (kinde Muse) vouchsafe to dwell with me,
My veluet robe shal be a weede of gray,
And least my heart by tongue betrayed be,
For idle talke I will goe fast and pray:
 No sooner said and thought, but that my heart
 His true supposde content gan thus impart.

Sweete solitarie life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heauen aright,
In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight,
 In thee no wanton eares to win with words,
 Nor lurking toyes, which citie life affoord.

At peepe of day, when in her crimson pride,
The morne bespreds with roses all the waie
Where Phœbus' coach with radiant course must glide,
The hermit bends his humble knees to pray;
 Blessing that God, whose bountie did bestow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether with solace tripping on the trees,
He sees the citizens of forrest sport,
Or midst the withered oake beholds the bees
Intend their labour with a kinde consort:
 Downe drop his teares, to thinke how they agree,
 Where men alone with hate inflamed bee.

Taste he the fruites that spring from *Tellus'* woomb,
Or drinke he of the christall springs that flowes:
He thanks his God, and sighes their cursed doomb
That fondly wealth in surffetting bestowes:
 And with *Saint Hierom* saith, *the desert is*
 A paradise of solace, ioy, and blis.

Father of light, thou maker of the heauen,
From whom my being well, and being springs,
Bring to effect this my desired steauen
That I may leaue the thoughts of worldly things:
 Then in my troubles will I blesse the time,
 My Muse vouchsafde me such a luckie rime.

T. L.

FINIS.

SUNDRIE SWEETE SONNETS.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME GENT.

1.

A VERIE Phoenix, in her radiant eies
 I leaue mine age, and get my life againe;
 True Hesperus, I watch her fall and rise:
 And with my teares extinguish all my paine.

My lips for shadowes shield her springing roses,
 Mine eies for watchmen guard her while she sleepeth,
 My reasons serue to quite her faint supposes:
 Her fancie, mine; my faith her fancie keepeth;
 She flowre, I branch; her sweetes my sowres supporteth,
 O happie loue, where such delights consorteth.

FINIS.

2.

I vow, but with some grieve henceforth to shunne the
 place,
 Where beautie casts her scortching lookes to feede
 me with disgrace.

And since I was so fond to build on such a molde,
As euery waue of vaine conceit the substance may
vnfolde;

I will repent with teares the errors of my mind,
And leaue to tie my thoughts to like of wanton
womankind.

Whose wayward wiles I spie how full of sleights they
be,
The heart delights in others choise, the hand yet
faunes on me,
And faine she would forsake, yet followes if I shunne,
And with her tung repents the time that ere the fact
was done.

And yet she will be thought as constant as the best;
Yet scornes the man that beareth faith and courage
in his crest.

Whom if she list to knowe, his colour sable is;
A mournful colour meete for those whose eyes haue
gaz'd amis:

His colour pale for woe, his courage all forlorne;
His hart confirm'd to shun the sex that holds his
faith in scorne.

Willing all men to learne, least they be forst to proue,
That women alter with the wind, and haue no hold in
loue.

3.

THE heauens inclinde to change, are passing cleere,
Their showres restraint make billowes of mine eies,
Their windes made calme within my breast appeere,
Which dims the aire with sighs and heauie cries.

My frozen loue hath laid the frost adowne,
These snowes restraint serue to congeale my heart,
This pleasant spring my stormie sorrowes frowne:
Goe lying bookes, cease fooles to boast your art,
And mark the cause: my Mistres smiles and lowres.
Makes cleere the heavens, and clowdes my heart
with showers.

FINIS.

4.

I WILL become a Hermit now
And doo my penance straight
For all the errors of mine eyes
With foolish rashnes fild:
My hermitage shall placed be
Where melancholies waight,
And none but loue alone shall knowe
The bower I meane to build.
My daylie diet shall be care,
Made calme by no delight:

My dolefull drinke, my drierie teares,
 Amidst the darkesome place
 The fire that burnes my heedles heart
 Shall stand instead of light,
 And shall consume my wearie life
 Mine errors to deface.
 My gowne shall be of spreding gray
 To clad my limmes withall:
 My late repent vpon my browe
 Shall plainlie written be.
 My tedious greife and great remorse
 That doth my soule enthrall,
 Shall serue to plead my wearie paines
 And pensiue miserie.
 Of faintfull hope shall be my staffe,
 And daylie when I pray,
 My mistris picture plac't by loue
 Shall witnes what I say.

FINIS.

5.

If that I seeke the shade, I sodeinlie do see
 The God of Loue forsake his bow, and sit me by:
 If that I thinke to write, his Muses pliant be:
 If that I plaine my grieffe, the wanton boy will crie.

If I lament my cares, he dooth increase my paine :
 If teares my cheeks attaint, his cheeks be moyst
 with mone :

If I disclose the wounds, the which my heart hath
 slaine,
 He takes his Fascia off and wipes them drie anone.

If that I walke the woods, the woods are his delight:
 If I myselfe torment, he bathes him in my blood:
 He will my souldier be if once I wend to fight:
 If seas delight, he steeres my barke amid the floud:
 In brieft, the cruell God dooth neuer from me goe,
 But makes my lasting loue eternall by my woe.

FINIS.

6.

WEARIE am I to wearie Gods and men,
 Wearie am I to weep so manie teares
 without some succor:

Wearie am I my wretched state to ken,
 Wearie am I to see my wofull yeares
 consume with dolor.

These mounts, these fields, these rocks, these wanes,
 these woods

Resigne their ecchoes to my wofull cries,
too much disdaind
These lambes, these kidds, these bullockes leaue their
foods,
These flowers, this grasse, with mourning parched lies
to see me pained.
Naught vnder Sunne that hath not tasted change,
My bitter grieffe alone abideth still
without departure.
Accurst be loue, that wrought this wonder strange,
Boading my sorrowes by my wanton will
that causde my smarting.
Oh quiet life forepast, why hast thou left
The wofull shepheard wearie of his paine
to feede on sorrow?
Oh weeping eies of wonted ioyes bereft,
Why leaue you him whom lucklesse Loue hath slaine
to view the morrow?
My faintfull flocke dooth languish and lament,
To see their master mourning his mischance
this iolly season:
My bagpip's broke, my roundelaies are blent,
My rebecke now my solace to aduance
accounts it geason:
Yet not alone sheepe, lambes, kidds weepe my woe:
But rockes for ruth, and birds for sorow plaine
my wofull wending:
Then cruell Loue vouchsafe me to forgoe
My wretched life, the cause of mickle paine,
and make mine ending.

The rockes their brookes with murmuring noyse shall
weepe,

The birds their songs with warbling notes shall sing:
and full of pleasure

My flockes shall feede, although their master sleep,
And to my graue their falling fleeces bring
their native treasure.

Solace each where shall raigne when I am dead,
No care, no woe, no sorrow shall preuaile:
but well contented

Poore I shall sleep, when cursed Loue is fled,
That first with furie did the fields assaile
where I frequented.

FINIS.

7.

THE earth late choakt with showers
Is now araid in greene:
Her bosome springs with flowers,
The aire dissolues her teene,
The heauens laugh at her glorie:
Yet bide I sad and sorie.

The woods are deckt with leaues,
And trees are cloathed gaie,
And Flora crownd with sheues
With oaken boughs dooth play:
Where I am clad in blacke,
The token of my wracke.

The birds vpon the trees
 Doo sing with pleasant voices,
 And chaunt in their degrees
 Their loues and luckie choices :
 When I whilst they are singing,
 With sighs mine armes am wringing.

The Thrushes seeke the shade,
 And I my fatall graue :
 Their flight to heauen is made
 My walke on earth I haue :
 They free, I thrall: they iolly,
 I sad and penciuie wholly.

FINIS.

8.

WHEN with aduice I weigh my yeares forepast,
 And count the course that in my youth I kept:
 How my fond eies on garish beautie plast,
 Dimde by desires in vaine opinion slept :
 For euerie looke and thought with teares I crie,
 I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.

By which my heart was burnt with scorching flame,
 Growing to head by stealth of idle time,
 Whom oft my lookes with blushing red did blame ;
 But follie fixt before it grew to prime :
 So for my wanton lookes with teares I crie,
 I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.

Oh wanton lookes, yee foes of sad forecast,
That wept the teares of will, and not repent;
Now see the end how fickle faire is past,
And crimson cheekes with crooked yeares are spent:
And blame yourselues, and helpe my carefull crie,
Who loath the faults and follies of mine eye.

FINIS.

9.

Hand, heart, and eye; toucht, thought, and did behold
A lock, a ioye, a looke of great delight,
Lookes sweet, ioyes rare, but lockes of beaten gold,
Hearts ioye, eyes lookes, hands touch so pleasde my
sight;
That what I would, by eye, hand, heart, I trie,
And what I am, is but hand, heart and eye.

FINIS.

10.

If hollowe eyes, if wan and wearish face,
If scalding sighes my secret suites bewray:
Loe (Loue) those lookes that want their former grace
And dying thoughts which secret ioyes betray.
And grant me this that either death may ease,
Or humble suite my mistris' wrath appease.

Whose dire disdain more pines my fainting heart,
 Than Ætnæ's flame that fumes both night and day:
 Whose wisdom when it measures by desert,
 Dissolves my doubts and drives my woes away:

Whose looks if once they yeeld me beames of
 grace,

Discharge the furrowes that befret my face.

Twixt hope and happe my shippe doth beare a saile,
 The Seas are sighes, the Ancker slipper ioye;
 Would Sea and Ancker both, and tacke might faile,
 So land of loue were gain'd to foile annoye.

I say no more, the teare that last did fall
 On latter line, can shewe and open all.

FINIS.

11.

A SATYRE sitting by a riuer side,
 Foreworne with care that hardlie findes recure:
 A straying nymph in passion did deride
 His teares, his care, her smiles her scornes assure:
 He wept, she wisht, and all their thoughts among
 Fancie beheld and sung this carefull song.

Perhaps the furrowes in thy wrinckled face
 Growne by thy grieffe, abate thy wonted form:
 Perhaps her eye was formde to yeeld disgrace,
 And blemisht that which wit may not reforme.

Perhaps she will if so thou list to proue,
 Perhaps she likes, and yet she dares not loue.

But if (perhaps) thy fortune be so faire,
Laugh Satyre, then it proues a pretie prize:
And if thou wilt, so liue to shunne dispaire
As looking long thou keepe thy proper eyes.

This said, she ceast, the Nymph she fled away,
And good perswasion causde the Satyre play.

FINIS.

12.

FAIRE Phoebus flowre vpon a summer morne
Gan proud with loue to shewe her painted pride,
And gay with glorie with a curious scorne,
Disdainde those buds that blossom'd her beside.

When Rose and Lillies, Violets and Balme,
(Scarce warm'd to worke their beauties to a flowre)
With enuious wrath neere to a water calme
Behold my Phillis in a happie howre.

Not wak't nor wonne too much with solemne sleepe,
But sweetlie slombring they behold my Saint,
The Rose and Lillies both together creepe;
The one her lip, the next her cheeke did taint.

And both they spread: the Violet consum'd
To gentle ayre her amber breath fulfilled:
Appollo feeling all the aire perfumde,
With gentle beames into her eyes distilled.

His flowre amaz'd, gaue Rose and Lillies place,
The Sunne his shine within her eyes containeth,
The Rose her lips, the Lillies decke her face,
The Violet within her breath remaineth.

LENYOY.

Then cease (fond men) henceforth to boast your
flowers,
Since Roses, Lillies, Violets are ours :
And Phoebus' flowre doth homage to their powers,
And Phillis' eye his glorious beames deuours.

FINIS.

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M DCCC XVIII.



VERSES
FROM
ROSALYNDE.
Cuphues' Golden Legacie.
BY THOMAS LODGE.
1592.

The Pastoral Romance from whence the following verses are extracted, afforded Shakspeare the hints for his exquisite comedy of "AS YOU LIKE IT." The edition used on this occasion was printed in 1592, under the following title :

ROSALYNDE. EUPHUES' GOLDEN LEGACIE,

FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH IN HIS CELL AT SILEXEDRA.

BEQUEATHED TO PHILAVTVS' SONNES,

NOURSED VP WITH THEIR FATHER IN ENGLAND.

Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.

LONDON :

Printed by Abel Ieffes, for T. G. and *Iohn Busbie.*

1592.

THE
CONTENTS OF THE SCHEDULE
WHICH
SIR JOHN OF BOURDEAUX
GAUE TO HIS SONNES.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do giue,
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly lost:
I leaue aduise, to schoole you how to liue:
I leaue you wit, but wonne with little cost:
But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be your gaine,
Winne it by vertue and by manly might;
In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine,
Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:
Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king,
For why? this thrift wil proue a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chast,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell :
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast:
Then choose thy wife by wit and liuing well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beleife,
A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart:
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle griefe,
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart:
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer growne, befriend you him agen.

Learne with the ant in summer to prouide,
Drine with the bee the droane from out the hiue:
Buyld lyke the swallow in the summer tyde.
Spare not too much (my sonnes), but sparing thrue,
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,
So by your death your glory shall beginne.

ROSALYND'S MADRIGALL.

LOVE in my bosome like a bee
 Doth sucke his sweete:
 Now with his wings he playes with me,
 Now with his feete.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender brest,
 My kisses are his dayly feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The hielong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He musicke playes if so I sing,
 He lends me euery louely thing:
 Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
 Whist wanton still ye?

Else I with roses euery day
 Will whip you hence:
 And binde you when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 Ile shut mine eyes to keepe you in,
 Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
 Ile count your power not worth a pinne,
 Alas, what hereby shall I winne,
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee
And let thy bower my bosome be:
Lurke in mine eies I like of thee:
O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee.

ROSADER'S SONNET

SENT TO ROSALYNDE.

'Two sunnes at once from one faire heauen there
shinde,
'Ten braunches from two boughes tipt all with roses,
Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,
'Two pearled rowes that Nature's pride incloses.

Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.

In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling
cleareth.

MONTANUS' PASSION.

HADST thou been borne wheras perpetuall cold
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old :
 Had I complainde vnto a marble stone,
 Or to the fouds bewraide my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my grieve:
 But euen the pride of countries at thy birth,
 Whilste heauens did smile did new aray the earth.

With flowers cheife.

Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,
 Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares:
 Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my grieve:
 But not my teares, but truth with thee prenailes,
 And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes:

Yet small reliefe.

For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard:
 And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

MONTANUS'S FANCY.

GRAVEN UPON THE BARKE OF A TALL BEECH TREE.

FIRST shall the heauens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waues :
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead mens graues.
The April, flowers and leafe and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plaines be ouerpride :
And poets scorne the Muses quils,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris loose her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turn to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdain ;
And death his fatall stroake shall cease,
And enuy pitie euery paine,
And pleasure mourn, and sorow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First time shall stay his staylesse race,
And winter blesse his browes with corne :
And snow bemoisten Julie's face,
And winter, spring, and summer mourn,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

A PLEASANT EGLOG

BETWEENE MONTANUS AND CORIDON.

CORIDON.

SAY shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Yoong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with roses dight:
Then sing for ioy (sweet swain) and sigh no more.

This milk white poppy, and this climbing pine,
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phoebus daine all westward to decline.

MONTANUS.

Ah (Coridon), vnmeet is melody,
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborn,
Slain are my joyes by Phoebus bitter scorn,
Far hence my weale and nere my ieopardy.

Loue's burning brand is couched in my brest,
Making a phoenix of my faintfull hart:
And though his furie doo inforce my smart,
Ay, blyth am I to honour his behest.

Preparde to woes since so my Phoebe wils,
My lookes dismaid since Phoebe will disdain,
I banish blisse, and welcome home my pain,
So stream my tears as showers from Alpine hils.

In error's maske I blindfold iudgement's eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust,
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that which makes me liuing dye.

Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought,
How may my vöyce or pipe in tune be brought?
Since I am reft of solace and delight.

CORIDON.

Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry loue?
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
A painted shrine ful-fild with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.

Againe, in seeming shadowed stil with want,
A broken staffe which follie doth vpholde,
A flower that fades with euerie frostie colde,
An orient rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minute's ioy to gaine a world of grieffe,
A subtil net to snare the idle minde,
A seeing scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy Montanus follow mine arceede,
 (Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy vseth)
 Leaue foolish loue, for beautie wit abuseth,
 And drownes (by folly) vertue's springing seede.

MONTANUS.

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,
 And bird the snare, because it doth intrap,
 And fooles true loue, because of sorry hap,
 And saylers curse the ship that ouerturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
 And birds beware to trust the fowler's gin,
 And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
 And maisters guide their ships in better frame.

The childe would praise the fire because it warmes,
 And birdes reioyce, to see the fowler faile,
 And fooles preuent, before the plagues prenaile,
 And saylers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy yeares,
 And crooked elde hath some experience left,
 Yet is thy mind of iudgement quite bereft,
 In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman little wots to turn the pen,
 Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughman's cart,
 Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of art,
 Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeet for beautie's guide,
Vncapable of love's impression),
Discourse of that whose choyce possession
May neuer to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancie's fire)
Do build my hauen, and heauen on sweet desire,
On sweet desire more deere to me than gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aspire?
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chast and holy fire?

Then leaue my lines their lonely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne:
Amazd I read the stile when I have done,
And Herry loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of Phoebe then, of Phoebe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appears,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the nymph that yeelds me loue-sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
Guydes in the restles laborynth of loue ;
Feare lends them pasture whereso ere they moue,
And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheepehooke is my pen, mine oaten reed,
My paper, where my many woes are written :
Thus, silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten),
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubts, for Phoebe sweet to me :
Who wayteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then, Coridon, although I blith me not,
Blame me not, man, since sorrow is my sweet :
So willeth Loue, and Phoebe thinkes it meet,
And kind Montanus liketh well his lot.

CORIDON.

Oh, staylesse youth, by errour so misguided,
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poysoneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse bearded, preparad to shame,
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :
Alas, that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes :
Leaue off in time to like these vanities,
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,
As many frie that fleet on Ocean's face,
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many stars as glorious heauen contains,
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes :
So many griefes in loue, so many pains.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers ;
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond ioies, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deepe despaire.

Truce, warre, and wo, do wait at beautie's gate :
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuy grudge ;
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice shame, for friendship hate.

MONTANUS.

All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine),
So charme no more, for I will neuer change.
Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range :
For loe, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

MONTANUS' SONNET.

PHOEBE sate,
 Sweet she sate,
 Sweet sate Phoebe when I saw her.
 White her brow,
 Coy her eye,
 Brow and eye how much you please me?
 Words I spent,
 Sighes I sent,
 Sighes and words could neuer draw hir.
 Oh my loue,
 Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could euer ease thee.
 Phoebe sate
 By a fount,
 Sitting by a fount I spide her:
 Sweet her touch,
 Rare hir voyce;
 Touch and voyce what may distain you?
 As she sung,
 I did sigh,
 And by sighs while that I tride her,
 Oh mine eyes,
 You did loose
 Hir first sight whose want did pain you.

Phoebe's flockes
White as wool,
Yet were Phoebe's lockes more whiter.
Phoebe's eyes,
Douelike mild,
Douelike eyes, both mild and cruel.
Montan sweares,
In your lampes
He will die for to delight her.
Phoebe, yeeld,
Or I die:
Shall true hearts be fancie's fuel?



SONNETTO.

BY ROSADER.

Of all chast birdes the Phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beastes the Lyon beares the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smel,
Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure metals gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets, I like my mistriss brest,
Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

And seems in self-same flames to fry,
Because he loues as wel as I.
Sweet Rosalynd, for pity rue,
For why, then Loue, I am more true :
He if he speed will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

ROSADER'S THIRD SONNET.

OF vertuous loue my self may boast alone,
Since no suspect my seruice may attaint :
For perfect faire she is the only one,
Whom I esteem for my beloved saint.
Thus for my faith I only beare the bell,
And for her faire she only doth excell.

The let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,
And Tasso cease to publish his affect,
Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,
And her's the faire, which all men do respect.
My lines hir faire, hir faire my faith assures,
Thus I by loue, and loue by me indures.

THE WOOING EGLOGUE

BETWIXT

ROSALYNDE AND ROSADER.

I PRAY thee nymph by all the working words,
 By all the teares and sighs that louers know,
 Or what our thoughts or faltring tongue affords,
 I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.
 Sweet Rosalynd my loue (would God my loue)
 My life (would God my life) aye, pitie me:
 Thy lips are kind, and humble like the donee,
 And but with beautie pitie wil not be.
 Looke on mine eyes made red with rueful teares,
 From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,
 All pale in lookes, and I, though yong in yeares,
 And nought but loue or death my dayes befriendeth.
 Oh, let no stormy rigour knit thy browes,
 Which Loue appointed for his mercy seat:
 The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
 The yron yeels with hammer, and to heat.
 Oh, Rosalynd, then be thou pitifull,
 For Rosalynd is only beautifull.

ROSALYNDE.

Loue's wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
 With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of
 But when the fruit of their affects appeares, [gold:
 The simple heart by subtill sleights is sold.

Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,
 Thus feeds the hart vpon his endles harmes,
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charmes.
 The louely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
 The deaw of deep dissembled doublenesse.
 These may attempt, but are of power no more,
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.
 Oh, Rosader, then be thou wittifull,
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pitifull.

ROSADER.

I pray thee Rosalynd by those sweet eyes
 That stain the sun in shine, the morn in cleare,
 By those sweet cheeks where Loue encamped lyes
 To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
 I tempt thee Rosalynd by ruthfull plaints,
 Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,
 Sweet nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile.
 So may the heauens preserue from hurtfull food
 Thy harmlesse flockes, so may the summer yeeld
 The pride of all her riches and her good,
 To fat thy sheepe (the cittizens of field).
 Oh, leane to arme thy louely browes with scoorne:
 The birds their beake, the lyon bath his taile,
 And lowers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
 Oh, Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull:
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

ROSALYNDE.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame:

ROSADER.

And Rosalynde my loue than any wool more softer:
And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame?

ROSALYNDE.

Were louers true, maydes would beleue them offer.

ROSADER.

Truth and regard, and honour guid my loue.

ROSALYNDE.

Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

ROSADER.

Oh pitie me sweet nymph, and do but proue.

ROSALYNDE.

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

ROSADER.

Oh, Rosalynde, be kinde, for times will change,
Thy lookes ay nill be faire as now they be,
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange;
Ah, yeeld in time sweet nymph and pitie me.

ROSALYNDE.

Oh, Rosalynde, thou must be pittifull:
For Rosader is yong and beautifull.

ROSADER.

Oh gaine more great than kingdomes or a crowne.

ROSALYNDE.

Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.

ROSADER.

First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauen and earth as abject quite refuse me:
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,
And retchlesse horror hatch within my brest;
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest:
Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disproue,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for vnkind.

ROSALYNDE.

Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her loue,
The Rosalynde will haue thee still in mind.

ROSADER.

Then let me triumph more than Tithon's deere,
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect:
Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,
And frolike in the comfort of affect;
And say, that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

MONTANUS' SONNET.

A TURTLE sate upon a leaelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad and sorry cheare :
About her wondring stood
The citizens of wood,
And for her loue laments,
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them :
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and sorrowes rue,
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouerthrowne,
Oh, how would Phoebe sigh, if she did look on me ?

The love-sicke Polypheme that could not see,
Who on the barraine shore,
His fortunes doth deplore,
And melteth all in mone,
For Galatea gone :
And with his piteous cries,
Afflicts both earth and skies :
And to his woe betooke,
Doth breake both pipe and hooke :
For whome complains the Morne,
For whom the sea nymphs mourne.

Alas, his paine is nought :
 For where my woe but thought,
 Oh, how would Phoebe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?
 Beyond compare my paine,
 Yet glad am I,
 If gentle Phoebe daine
 To see her Montan die.

After this Montanus felt his passions so extreame,
 that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice
 of Loue.

*Hélas tirant plein de rigueur,
 Modere un peu ta violence :
 Que te sert si grande dispense ?
 C'est trop de flammes pour un cœur.
 Espargnez en une estincelle
 Puis fais ton effort d'emousvoir,
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
 En quel feu je brusle pour elle.
 Execute Amour ce dessein,
 Et rabaisse un peu son audace
 Son cœur ne doit estre de glace.
 Bien qu'elle ait de niège le sein.*

PHŒBE'S SONNET.

A REPLIE TO MONTANUS' PASSION.

Downe, a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish loue are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.

When loue was first begot,
And by the mouer's will
Did fall to human lot
His solace to fulfill.
Deuoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken man's concept,
And women's brest inspire.
The gods that saw the good
That mortalls did approue,
With kind and holy mood,
Began to talke of loue.

Downe, a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung,
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare :
 Whilest Loue in deed and word
 Most faythfull did appeare.
 False semblance came in place,
 By icalousie attended,
 And with a double face
 Both loue and fancie blended.
 Which makes the gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie,
 And maidens scorne a make,
 Forsooth, and so will I.

Downe, a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish loue are stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I. With downe, a downe, &c.

SALADYNE'S SONNET.

If it be true that heauen's eternall course,
 With restlesse sway, and ceaselesse turning glides,
 If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse,
 Turnes and returns with many fluent tides ;
 If Earth, in Winter, Summer's pride estrange,
 And Nature seemeth only faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wandring still
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,
And by disconerent power discerneth ill;
 And if the body, for to worke his best,
 Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious skies)
I change both place and soyle, but not my hart?
Yet salue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each object workes my smart?
 Alas, I see my faith procures my misse,
 And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

SONETTO.

BY PHŒBE.

My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas incenst with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse:
 Amidst the Winter's night,
A blind and carelesse boy
 (Brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
 Of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare, he sets
 A ranke of foolish thoughts,
 And cuts (instead of waue)
 A hope without distresse:
 The winds of my deepe sighes
 (That thunder still for noughts)
 Haue split my sayles with feare,
 With care and heauinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,
 A blacke and hideous cloude,
 A thousand fierce disdaines
 Doe slacke the haleyards oft:
 Till ignorance doe pull,
 And errour hale the shrowds,
 No starre for safetie shines,
 No Phoebe from aloft.

Time hath subdued art, and ioy is slaue to woe:
 Alas (Loue's guid), be kind, what shall I perish so?

MONTANUS' FIRST SONNET.

ALAS, how wander I amidst these woods,
 Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse:
 But where the melancholy fleeting floods
 (Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
 Disarme of reason, spoilde of Nature's goods,
 Without redresse, to salue my heauinesse.
 I walke, whilest thought (too cruel to my harmes)
 Withendlesse griefe my heedles iudgment charmes.

My silent tongue assailde by secret feare,
 My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
 My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheare,
 My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
 My reason robde of power by yeelding care,
 My fond opinions slaue to euery toy;
 Oh, Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,
 Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

MONTANUS' SECOND SONNET.

WHEN the Dog
 Full of rage,
 With his irefull eyes
 Frownes amidst the skies,
 The shepheard to asswage
 The fury of the heat,
 Himselfe doth safely seat,
 By a fount
 Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 (Mounting from beneath)
 Tempreth the aire.
 There his flocks
 Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose
 Whilest sweet sleep doth close
 Eyes from toylsome ill.

12/18/3

VERSES
FROM
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
WILLIAM LONGBEARD.

BY T. LODGE.

1593.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
WILLIAM LONGBEARD,
THE MOST FAMOUS AND WITTY
English Traitor,
BORNE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

ACCOMPANIED WITH MANYE OTHER
MOST PLEASANT AND PRETTIE HISTORIES,

By T. L. of Lincoln's Inne, Gent.

Printed at London, by Rychard Yardley and Peter
Short, *dwelling on Breadstreat hill, at the Signe*
of the Starre.

1593.

A
DISTRESS'D MOTHER'S LULLABIE
TO HER CHILDREN.

LULLABIE,
Ah, little laddes
 Giue ceaselesse sorrow end with lullabie ;
Suck up my teares
That streame from out the fountaines of mine eie,
 Feed, feed on me
Whom n^o good hope or fortune glads,
 Oh set me free
From those incessant and pursuing feares
Which waken vp my woes and kil my pleasure.

Lullabie,
Weepe, weepe no more,
But let me weepe, and weeping, weepe life hence,
 That whilst you want
I may not see false Fortune's proud pretence
 When I am dead
My God perhaps will send you store.
 Oh smile in need,

Poore hungry babes let smiles be nothing scant
I teares, you smiles; both haue no better treasure,
To bring these woes exceeding meane or measure
 To lullabie.

WILLIAM LONGBEARD'S

AMOROUS PASSION FOR MAUDELIN.

AMIDST the maze of discontented mind,
The royal trophie of ioy-breeding loue,
A happy holde and resting place did find,
Within that brest which earst Earthe's hel did proue.

Since when my long-enfeebled cies haue reard
Their drooping sight to gaze vpon the sunne,
Since when my thoughts in written lines appeared,
Reioycing at that palme my faith had wunne.

Ennobled thus, by that thrice-nobled passion,
Which hath the power all worldly cares to banish,
I flie, sweet-seeming leures of false occasion,
And let al thoughts but loue-sweet vade and vanish.
 The fruits I reape in spight of Fortune froward,
 Makes me suppose no torment too vntoward.

MAUDELIN,

*His Mistresse had a faire Jewell, wherein the two
Cupids of Anacreon were painted, wrastling the one
with the other, with this Motto, PRO PALMA, for
which cause he wrote this*

SONNET,

AND PRESENTED HER THEREWITH.

YE braine-begotten deities agree you,
Nurst by transparant christall of chast eies,
Least she that gaue you life on sudden see you,
And frowning, kil you both who causde you rise.

From hir you came young Cupids from no other,
And but for her if enuious you shal wrastle,
I feare you both wil lose a louely mother,
Hir brow your bower, hir bosome is your castle.

There gree you both, there both together go you
And suck the Aprill ritches of hir brest,
Then I who long haue serued and loue to shew you
How much I loue the bosome where you rest.

Will come and kisse and blesse you, little wantons,
And feed you kindly wantons, if you want once.

IMITATION OF A SONNET

IN AN ANCIENT FRENCH POET.

As soone as thou doost see the Winter clad in colde,
Within September on the eaues in sundry formes
to fold,

Sweet swallow farre thou fliest, till to our native clime,
In pleasant Aprill Phoebus' raies returne the sweeter
time.

But Loue no day forsakes the place whereas I rest,
But euery houre liues in mine eies, and in mine hart
doth nest.

Each minute I am thrall and in my wounded hart
He builds his neast, he laies his egges, and thence
will neuer part.

Already one hath wings, soft downe the other clads,
This breakes the skin, this newly fledg about my
bosome gads.

The one hath broke the shel, the other soares on hie,
This newly laid, that quickly dead, before the dam
come nie.

Both day and night I heare the smal ones how they
crie,

Calling for food, who by the great are fed for feare
they die.

All wax and grow to prooffe and euery yeare doe lay
A second neast, and sit and hatch the cause of my
decay.

Ah, Maudline what releife haue I for to remoue
These crooked cares, that thus pursue my hart in
 harboring loue.

But helpesse of releife since I by care am stung,
'To wound my hart thereby to slaie both mother and
 hir yong.

BEING ABSENT FROM HIS MISTRESSE

*He wrote this briefe Fancie to hir, after the Manner
of the Italian Rimes.*

OH, faire of fairest, dolphin like,
Within the riuers of my plaint,
With labouring finnes the waue I strike,
Whose fouds are honoured by my saint.
 Withouten hart or gall I spring,
 And swim to heare thee sweetly sing,
 All like the fish when Nature's art
 Hath reft of hate and tender hart.

And in the sea for love I burne,
As for Arion did the fish,
At euerie note I skip and turne,
I harke, I praise, I like, I wish.
 But out, alas, with better chaunce
 The friendly fish did him aduaunce,
 He bare Arion on his back
 Where I thy sweet imbracements lack.

*These other two for their shortnesse and strangenesse I
could not finde in my heart to pretermite, knowing
that the better sort, that are priuie to the Imitation
and method, will haue their due estimate.*

My mistresse when she goes
To pull the pinke and rose,
Along the riuer bounds,
And trippeth on the grounds,
And runnes from rocks to rocks,
With louely scattered locks,
Whilst amarous wind doth play,
With haire so golden gay ;
The water waxeth cleere,
The fishes draw hir neere,
The sirens sing hir praise,
Sweet flowers perfume hir waies,
And Neptune glad and faine
Yeelds vp to hir his raigne.

ANOTHER.

WHEN I admire the rose
That Nature makes repose
In you the best of many,
More faire and blest than any,
And see how curious art
Hath decked euery part,
I thinke, with doubtfull view,
Whether you be the rose, or the rose is you.

AN ODE

He wrote amongst the rest I dare not forget, in that the Poesie is appertinent to this time, and hath no lesse life in it than those of the ancient, and the rather because hereby the learned may see, how euen in those daies, Poesy had hir impugnors, and Industrie could not be free from detraction.

HIS OADE.

SINCE that I must repose
Beyond th' infernal lake,
What vailes are to compose
As many verses as Homer did make ?

Choice numbers cannot keepe
Me from my pointed graue,
But after lasting sleepe
The doomb of dreadful iudge I needs must haue.

I put the case, my verse,
In lieu of all my paine,
Ten yeares my praise rehearse,
Or somewhat longer time some glorie gaine.

What wants there to consume
Or take my lines from light,
But flame or fierie fume,
Or threatning noice of war, or bloody fight?

Excell I Anacrión,
Stesicóres, Simonides,
Antimachus, or Bion,
Philetes, or the graue Bacchilides?

All these, though Greekes they were,
And vsde that fluent toong,
In course of many a yeare
Their workes are lost, and haue no biding long.

Then I, who want wit's sap,
And write but bastard rime,
May I expect the hap,
That my endeouours may ore-come the time?

No, no; tis farre more meet
To follow marchant's life,
Or at the iudge's feet
To sell my toong for bribes to maintaine strife.

Then haunt the idle traine
Of poore Calliope,
Which leaues for hunger slaine,
The choicest men that hir attendants be.

HE WROTE THIS WITH A POINTED DIAMOND
IN HIR GLASSE.

THINKE what I suffred (wanton) through thy wild-
nesse,

When, traitor to my faith, thy losenesse led thee:
Thinke how my moodie wrath was turnde to
mildnesse,

When I had best yet baser groomes did bed thee.

Thinke that the staine of bewtie then is stained,
When lewd desires doo alienate the hart:
Thinke that the loue which will not be contained,
At last will grow to hate in spight of art.

Thinke that those wanton lookes will haue their
wrinkles,

And but by faith olde age can merit nothing,
When Time thy pale with purple ouer-sprinkles,
Faith is thy best, thy beautie is a woe thing.

In youth be true, and then in age resolute thee,
Friends will be friends, till Time with them dis-
solue thee.

WILLIAM LONGBEARD'S EPITAPH.

VNTIMELY death, and my found fruits of treason,
My lawlesse lust, my murthers long concealed,
Haue shipwract life amidst my Aprill season,
Thus couerd things at last will be reuealed.

A shamefull death my sinfull life succedeth,
And feare of heauenly iudge great terror breedeth.

My mangled members in this graue included,
Haue answered lawes extreames to my confusion,
Oh God! let not my murthers be obruded
Againstmysoule, wrongd through my earthe's illusion.

And as the graue my luelesse limmes containeth,
So take my soule to thee where rest remaineth.

Thou trauailer that treadest on my toombe,
Remembreth thee of my vntimely fall,
Preuent the time, forethinke what may become,
See that thy wil be to thy reason thrall,
Scorne world's delights, esteeme vaine honor small:

So maist thou die with fame, where men of con-
science foule

Perish with shame and hazard of their soule.

I haue herevnto annexed likewise some other of his

SPIRITUALL HYMNES AND SONGS,

*Whereby the Vertuous may gather how sweet the Fruits
be of a reconciled and penitent Soule.*

THE FIRST.

**THAT pittie Lord that earst thy hart inflamed
To enterteine a voluntarie death,
To ransome man by lothed sinnes defamed
From hel, and those infernal paines beneath :**

**Vouchsafe, my God, those snares it may vnlose
Wherein this blinded world hath me intrapped :
That whilst I traffique in this world of woes,
My soule no more in lusts may be intrapped.**

**Great are my faults, O me, most wilful witted :
But if each one were iust, there were no place
To shew thy power that sinnes might be remitted.
Let then, O Lord, thy mercy quite displace,
The lewd and endlesse sinnes I haue committed,
Through thine vnspeakeable and endlesse grace.**

THE SECOND HYMNE.

SUCH darke obscured clouds at once incombred
My mind, my hart, my thoughts from grace retired
With swarmes of sinnes that neuer may be numbred,
That hope of vertue quite in me expired.

When as the Lord of hosts my gracious father,
Bent on my dulled powers his beames of brightnesse,
And my confused spirits in one did gather
Too long ensnared by vanitie and lightnesse.

A perfect zeale (not office of my sences)
So seazde my iudgement, smothered in his misse,
That heauen I wisht and loathd this earthly gaile,
My hart disclaimd vile thoughts and vaine pretences.
And my desires were shut in seemely vaile,
So that I said, Lord, what a world is this?

THE THIRD HYMNE.

A SHOP of shame, a gaine of liue-long griefe,
A heauen for fooles, a hel to perfect wise,
A theater of blames where death is chiefe,
A golden cup where poison hidden lies.

A storme of woes without one calme of quiet,
A hiue that yeeldeth hemlock and no hony,
A boothe of sinne, a death to those that trie it,
A faire where cares are sold withouten mony.

A fleshlie ioy, a graue of rotten bones,
A spring of teares, a let of true delight,
A losse of time, a laborinth of mones,
A pleasing paine, a prison of the sprite.
Is this my life: why cease I then resolued
To pray with-Paule, and wish to be dissolued?

END OF VERSES FROM LODGE'S WILLIAM LONGBEARD.



VERSES
FROM
LODGE'S
Margarite of America.
1596.

A
MARGARITE OF AMERICA.

BY THOMAS LODGE.

**Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold in Saint
Dunston's Church Yard, in Fleet Street, at the
little shop next Clifford's Inne. 1596. 4to.**

HUMANÆ MISERIÆ DISCURSUS.

O WHEREOF boasteth man, or by what reason
Is filthy clay so much ambitious?
Whose thoughts are vaine, and alter euery season,
Whose deedes are damned, base, and vitious,
Who in his cradle by his childish crying,
Presageth his mishaps and sorrowes nyng.

An infant first from nurces teat he sucketh
With nutriment corruption of his nature:
And from the roote of endlesse error plucketh
That taste of sinne that waites on euery creature,
And as his sinewes firme his sinne increaseth,
And but till death his sorrow neuer ceaseth.

In riper yeares, when youthly courage raineth,
A winter's blast of fortunes lowring changes,
A flattering hope wherein no trust remaineth,
A fleeting loue his forward ioy estranges:
Atchiue he wealth, with wastefull wo he bought it,
Let substance faile, he grieues, and yet he sought it.

In staid yeares, when as he seekes the gleanings
Of those his times in studious artes bestowed
In summe, he oft misconstrueth wise-men's meanings,
Soiling the spring from whence his science flowed,
In all he gaines by perfect iudgement gained,
A hate of life that hath so long remained.

From height of throne to abiect wretchednesse,
From woonderous skill to seruile ignorance:
From court to cart, from rich to rechlesnesse.
The ioyes of life haue no continuance:
The king, the caitife wretch, the lay, the learned,
Their crowns, woes, wants, and wits with grieve haue
 earned.

The Iudgement seate hath brawles, honour is hated,
The souldier's life is dayly thrall to danger,
The marchant's bag by tempests is abated,
His stocke still serues for prey to euery stranger,
The scholler with his knowledge learnes repent,
Thus each estate in life hath discontent.

And in these trades and choice estates of liuing
Youth steales on manly state, and it on age,
And age with weakned limmes, and mind misgiuing
With trembling tongue repenteth youthly rage,
And ere he full hath learned his life to gouerne,
He dies, and dying doth to dust returne.

His greatest good is, to report the trouble
Which he in prime of youth hath ouerpassed,
How for his graines of good he reapt but stubble,
How lost by loue, by follies how disgraced,
Which whilst he counts, his sonne perhaps attendeth,
And yet his dayes in selfe like follies endeth.

Thus mortall life on sodaine vanisheth,
All like a dreame, or as the shadow fleeteth,
When sunne his beame from substance banisheth,
Or like the snow at once that dries and sleeteth,
Or as the rainebow, which by her condition
Liues by the Sunne's reflect and opposition.

Thus life in name is but a death in being,
A burthen to the soule by earth intangled:
Then put thou off that vaile that lets thy seeing,
O wretched man, with many torments mangled,
Since neither childe, nor youth, nor staid, nor aged,
The stormes of wretched life may be aswaged.

And with the Egyptian midst thy delicates
Present the shape of death in euery member,
To make thee know the name of all estates:
And midst thy pompe thy nying graue remember,
Which if thou dost, thy pride shall be repressed,
Since none before he dies is perfect blessed.

SONNETS

IN IMITATION OF DOLCE THE ITALIAN POET.

PIETATE.

If so those flames I vent when as I sigh,
Amidst these lowly vallies where I lie,
Might finde some meanes by swift addresse to flie
Unto those Alpine toplesse mountaines high:

Thou shouldst behold their icie burthens thawe,
And crimson flowers adorne their naked backs,
Sweete roses should enrich their winter wracks,
Against the course of kind and Nature's lawe.

But you, faire ladie, see the furious flame,
That through your will destroyes me beyond measure,
Yet in my paines me thinkes you take great pleasure,
Loth to redeeme, or else redresse the same:

Nor hath your heart compassion of mine illes,
More cold than snow, mor hard than Alpine hills.

PIETATI.

O DESARTS, be you peopled by my plaints,
And let your plantes by my pure teares be watred,
And let the birds whom my sad mone acquaints,
To heare my hymnes haue harmonie in hatred.

Let all your savage citizens refraine,
To haunt those bowers where I my woes bewray,
Let none but deepe dispaire with me remaine,
To haste my death when hope doth will me stay.

Let rocks remone for feare they melt to heare me,
Let Eccho whist for dread shee die to answer:
So liuing thus where no delights come neere me,
My manie mones more mouing may appeare:
And in the depth of all, when I am climbing,
Let loue come by, see, sigh, and fall a crying.

WRITTEN IN THE

DESOLATE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

WITH Ganimede now comes the shining sunne,
And through the world displaise his chiller flame,
Cold, frost, and snow, the meddowes, and the moun-
taines

Do wholie blend, the waters waxen ice:
The meades want flowers, the trees haue parched
leaues,

Such is the dolie season of the yeare.

And I in coldest season of the yeare,
Like to a naked man before the sunne,

Whilest drought thus dwels in herbes and dried
leaves,
Consume my selfe, and in affection's flame
To cinders fall: ne helpes me frost or ice
That falles from off these snow-clad cloudie moun-
tains.

But when as shades new clothe againe the mountaines,
And daies wax long, and warmer is the yeare,
Then in my soule fierce loue congeales an ice,
Which nor the force of fierce enflamed sunne
May thaw, nor may be moult with mightie flames,
Which frost doth make me quake like Aspen leaves.

Such time the windes are whist, and trembling leaves,
And beast grow mute reposing on the mountaines,
Then when aslaked beene the heauenly flames,
Both in the waine and prime tide of the yeare:
I watch, I warde, vntill the new sprung sunne,
And hope, and feare, and feele both cold and ice.

But when againe her morrow-gathered ice
The morne displaies, and frostieth drouping leaves,
And day renewes with rising of the sunne,
Then wailful forth I wend through vales and moun-
taines:
Ne other thought haue I, day, moneth, and yeare,
But of my first the fatall inward flames.

Thus loue consumes me in his liuely flames,
Thus loue doth freeze me with his chillie ice,
So that no time remaines me through the yeare
To make me blithe: ne are there any leaues:
Through al the trees that are vpon the mountaines,
That may conceale me from my sweetest sunne.
First shall the sunne be seene without his flame,
The wintred mountaines without frost or ice,
Leaues on the stones, ere I content one yeare.

*This written in an amorous and more plausible vaine
(as that which most pleased the Ladies) and was not
of least worth, I haue set downe last.*

O CURIOUS gem, how I enule each while,
To see thee play vpon my ladies paps,
And heare those orbes where Cupid layes his traps,
From whence a gracious Aprill still doth smile.

And now thou plaist thee in that garden gentill,
Twixt golden fruite, and neere her heart receiuest
Thy rest, and all her secret thoughts conceiuest
Vnder a vaile faire, white, diuine, and subtile.

Ye gentle pearles, where ere did Nature make you?
Or whether in Indian shoares you found your mould,
Or in those lands where spices serue for fuell:
Oh, if I might from out your essence take you,
And twine my selfe to shape what ere I would,
How gladly would I be my ladies iewell?

CANZON.

WRITTEN BY ARSADACHUS.

MY words, my thoughts, my vowes,
Haue soild, haue forst, haue staine
My tongue, my heart, my browes.

My tongue, my heart, my browes,
Shall speake, shall thinke, shall smile,
Gainst words, gainst thoughts, gainst vowes.

For words, for thoughts, for vowes,
Haue soiled, wrongde, and stained,
My tongue, my heart, my browes.

Whereon henceforth I sweare,
My words, my thoughts, my vowes,
So vaine, so vile, so bace,
Which brought my tongue, heart, browes,
To shame, repulse, disgrace,
Shall evermore forbear,
To tempt that brow, that heart, that tongue, so holy,
With vows, with thoughts, with words of too great
folly.

EPITAPH ON TWO LOVERS.

VERTUE is dead, and here she is enshrined,
Within two lifelesse bodies late deceased;
Beautie is dead, and here is faith assigned
To weepe her wracke, who when these dide first
ceased.

Pitie was dead when tyranny first slew them,
And heauen inioies their soules, tho earth doth rewe
them.

Since beautie then and vertue are departed,
And faith growes faint to weep in these their fading,
And vertuous pitie, kind and tender hearted,
Died to behold fierce furies fell inuading.

**Vouchsafe ye heauens, that fame may haue in keeping
Their happy and thrice blessed names, for whome
Both vertue, beautie, pittie died with weeping,
And faith is closed in this marble tombe.**

DOMUS DOLORIS.

**Who seeks the caue where horride care doth dwell,
That feedes on sighes, and drinckes of bitter teares:
Who seeks in life to finde a living hell,
Where he that liues, all liuing ioy forbears:**

Who seeks that grieffe, that grieffe it selfe scarce
knowes it,
Here let him rest, this caue shall soone disclose it.

As is the mite vnto the sandie seas,
As is the drop vnto the Ocean streames,
As to the orbe of heauen a sillie pease,
As is the lampe to burning Ticius * beames:
Euen such is thought that vainely doth indeuer,
To thinke the care liues here, or count it euer.

Here sorrow, plague, dispaire, and fierce suspect;
Here rage, here ielousie, here cursed spight,
Here murther, famine, treason and neglect,
Haue left their stings to plague a wofull wight:
That liues within this tombe of discontent,
Yet loathes that life that nature hath him lent.

ON A

DESOLATE AND LEAVELESSE OAKE.

THINE age and wastfull tempests thee,
Mine age and wretched sorrowes me
Defaced;
Thy sap by course of time is blent,
My sence by care and age is spent,
And chased.

* Titan's?

**Storms, showers, age, weare, waste, daunt, and make
thee dry,
Teares, cares, age, ice, waste, wring, and yet liue I.**

CLOKING AND SMOTHERING WITH LOVE.

**JUDGE not my thoughts, ne measure my desires
By outward conduct of my searching eies,
For starres resemble flames, yet are no fires :
If under gold a secret poison lies,
If under softest flowers lie serpents fell,
If from man's spine bone vipers do arise,
So may sweete lookes conceale a secret hell,
Not loue in me, that neuer may suffice**

The heart that hath the rule of reason knowne;
But loue in me, which no man can deuise,
A loue of that I want, and is mine owne,
Yet loue, and louers lawes do I despise:
How strange is this? iudge you that louers be,
To loue, yet haue no loue conceald in me.

ARSADACHUS TO HIS MISTRESS.

I SMILE to see the toies,
Which I in silent see,
The hopes, the secret ioyes
Expected are from me:
The vowes, the sighes, the teares, are lost in vaine,
By silly loue through sorrow welnie slaine.

The colour goes and comes,
The face, now pale, now red,
Now feare the heart benomes,
And hope growes almost dead.
And I looke on and laugh, tho sad I seeme,
And faine to fawne, altho my minde misdeeme.

I let the flie disport,
About the burning light,
And feed her with resort,
And baite her with delight.
But when the flames hath seasd her winges (adew)
Away will I, and seeke for pleasures new.

THE ANSWER.

SMILE not, they are no toyes,
Which you in silent see,
Nor hopes, nor secret ioyes,
Which you behold in mee:
But those my vowes, sighes, teares, are serious scales,
Whereby my heart his inward grieve reueales.

My colour goes and comes,
My face is pale and red,
And feare my heart benomes,
And hope is almost dead:
And why? to see thee laugh at my desart,
So faire a man, and yet so fa'ise a heart.

Well, let the flie disport,
And turne her in the light:
And as thou dost report,
Still baite her with dispite:
Yet be thou sure, when thou hast slaine the first
Thou fliest away (perhaps) to find the worst.

SONNET.

I PINE away expecting of the houre,
 Which through my wayward chance will not arrive,
 I waite the word, by whose sweete sacred power,
 My lost contents may soone be made alive :
 My pensiue heart, for feare my grieve should perish
 Upon fallacious hope his fast appeaseth ;
 And to my selfe my frustrate thoughts to cherish,
 I faine a good that flits before it ceaseth :
 And as the ship farre scattred from the port,
 All welnie spent, and wreckt with wretched blast,
 From east to west, midst surging seas is tossed,
 So I, whose soule by fierce delaies effort,
 Is ouercome in heart and lookes desast*,
 Runne heere, runne there, sigh, die, by sorrow
 crossed.

ARSADACHUS HIS VERSES.

I SEE a new sprung sunne that shines more cleerely,
 That warmes the earth more blithly with his
 brightnes,
 That spreads hir beams more faire, and shines more
 cheerly
 Then that cleere sun that glads the day with
 lightnes.

* *defast?* i. e. defac'd.

For but by outward heate the one offends me,
 The other burnes my bones, and melts their marrow :
 The one when he sets on further blends me,
 The other ceases makes her eie lones arrow.

From that a shower a shadow of a tree,
 A foggie mist may safely me protect,
 But this through clouds and shades doth passe and
 pierce me,
 In winter's frosts the others force doth flee :
 But this each season shines in each respect,
 Each where, ech houre, my hart, doth plague and
 perce me.



COMPLAINT.

1 3 2 TEARES, cares, wrongs, griefes feele I, 1 1 3 2
 2 2 1 Wo, frownes, scornes, crafts nill cease, 4.2 1.4
 Yeares, months, daies, howers do flie 3.3.1 4
 Fro me away flieth peace: 2 4 2 3
 1 Opprest I live (alas vnhappily 2
 2 Rest is exilde, scornde, plagde thus am I. 1

ANSWER.

1 3 2	Mend her, or change fond thought,	1 1 3 2
2 2 1	Minde her, then end thy minde,	4 2 4 1
3 1 4	Ende thee will sorrowe sought,	3 3 1 4
4 4 3	Kinde if thou art: too blinde,	2 4 2 3
	1 Such loue flie farre, lest thou perceiue and proue	2
	2 Much sorrow, grieve, care, sighing breeds such loue	1

In Imitation of some Verse by Dolce, beginning

IO VEGGIO, ETC.

I SEE with my heart's bleeding,
 Thus houely through my pain my life desires,
 I feele the flames exceeding
 That burne my heart by vnderued fires.
 But whence these fires haue breeding,
 I cannot finde, though great are my desires:
 O miracle eterne!
 That thus I burne in fire, and yet my fire cannot
 discern.

UPON A WANTON SUBJECT.

WHEN as my pale to her pure lips vnited,
 (Like new fallne snow vpon the morning rose)
 Sucke out those sweets wherein my soule delited;
 Good Lord, how soon dispersed were my woes!

And from those gates whence comes that balmy breath
That makes the sunne to smile when he ariseth,
I drew a life subdewing neering death,
I suckt a sweete that euerie sweete compriseth.
There tooke my soule his hand-fast to desire,
There chose my heart his paradise on earth,
There is the heauen whereto my hopes retire,
There pleasure bred, and thence was Cupid's birth:.
Such is their power that by a touch they seuer,
The heart from paines that liu'd in sorrowes euer.



AT SUCH TIME AS IN THE

ENTRANCE OF LOUE

HE DESPAIRED OF ALL SUCCOUR.

EVEN at the brink of sorrowes ceasles streames,
All well-nie drownd through dalliance and disdaine,
Hoping to winne the truce in my extreames,
To perce that marble heart where pride remainses.
I send salt teares, sad sighes, and ruthful lines,
Firme vowes (and with these true men) my desire,
Which in his lasting sufferance scarce repines,
To burne in ceaslesse Ætna of her ire.
All which (and yet of all, the least might serve)
If too too weake to waken true regarde,
Vouchsafe, O heauen, that see how I deserue,
Since you are neuer partiall in rewarde,
That ere I die she may with like successe,
Weepe, sigh, write, vow and die without redresse.

THIS OTHER IN THE SELF LIKE PASSION,
BUT WITH MORE GOVERNMENT.

HEAPE frowne on frowne, disdaine vpon disdaine,
Ioyne care to care, and leaue no wrong vnwrought,
Suppose the worst, and smile at euerie paine,
Thinke my pale lookes of enuie not of thought.

In errors maske let reasons eie be masked,
Send out contempts to sommon death to slay me,
To all these tyrant woes tho I be tasked,
My faith shall flourish tho these paines decay me.

And tho repining loue to cinders burne me,
I will be fam'de for sufferance to the last,
Since that in life no tedious paines could turne me,
And care my flesh, but not my faith could wast.
Tho after death for all this life's distresse,
My soule your endles honours shall confesse.

In Imitation of a Sonnet by Lodobico Pascale,

Beginning, "TUTTE LE STELLE HAVEAN DEL CIEL
L'IMPERO."

THOSE glorious lampes that heauen illuminate,
And most incline to retrogade aspècts,
Vpon my birth-day shonde the worst effects,
Thralling my life to most sinister fate.

Where-through my selfe estrande from truth awhile
Twixt pains, and plagues, midst torments and
distresse,

Supposde to finde for all my ruth redresse,
But now beleife, nor hope, shall me beguile.

So that (my heart from ioyes exiled quite)

Ile pine in grieffe through fierce disdaines accurst,
Scorde by the worlde, alieue to nought but spite :

Hold I my tongue? 'tis bad; and speak I? wurst.
Both helpe me nought; and if perhaps I write
'Tis not in hope, but lest the heart should burst.



Imitated from the Italian of Martelli.

O SHADIE vales, O faire inriched meades,

O sacred woodes, sweete fields, and rising moun-
taines,

O painted flowers, greene herbes where Flora treads,
Refresht by wanton windes, and watrie fountaines.

O all you winged queristers of woode,

That piercht aloft your former paines report,
And strait againe recount with pleasant moode,
Your present ioyes in sweete and seemely sort.

O all you creatures, whosoever thrive,
On mother earth, in seas, by aire or fire :
More blest are you, then I here vnder sunne,
Loue dies in me, when as he doth reuiue
In you; I perish vnder beautie's ire,
Where after stormes, windes, frosts, your life is
wonne.

ARSADACHUS

HIS COY PASSION.

'Twixt reuerence and desire, how am I vexed?
Now prone to lay ambitious handes on beautie,
Now hauing feare to my desires annexed,
Now haled on by hope, now staid by dutie.

Emboldned thus, and ouerrulde in striuing,
To gaine the soueraine good my heart desireth :
I liue a life, but in effect no liuing,
Since dread subdues desire that most aspireth.

Tho must I bide the combate of extreames,
Faine to enjoy, yet fearing to offend,
Like him that striues against resisting streames,
In hope to gaine the harbor in the end:
Which hauen hir grace, which happy grace enjoyed
Both reuerence, and desire, are well employed.

HIS HYPERBOLICAL PRAISE,
SHEWING THE RIGHT SHAPE OF HIS DISSEMBLING
NATURE.

Not so much borrowed beautie hath the starres,
Not so much bright the mightie eie of day,
Not so much cleare hath Cinthia, where she warres
With Deathe's neere neece in her blacke array.

Not so true essence haue the sacred soules,
That from their naturall mansions are deuided,
Not so pure red hath *Bacchus* in his boules,
As hath that face whereby my soule is guided.

Not so could art or nature if they sought,
In curious workes themselues for too excede,
Or second that which they at first had wrought,
Nor so could time, or all the gods proceede,
As to enlarge, mould, thinke, or match that frame,
As I do honour vnder Dian's name.

MARGARITA'S EPITAPH.

A BLESSED soule from earthly prison loosed,
Ye happie heuens hath faith to you conuaide,
The earthly holde within this tombe inclosed,
White marble stones within your wombe is laide;
The fame of her that soule and bodie lost,
Survives from th' Ile to the Bractrian coast.

A precious pearle in name, a pearle in nature,
Too kinde in loue vnto too fierce a foe,
By him she lou'd, shee dide, O cursed creature,
To quite true faith with furious murther so!
But vaine are teares for those whom death hath slaine,
And sweete is fame that makes dead liue againe.

DIANA'S EPITAPH.

THY babe and thou by sire and husband's hand,
Belou'd in staied sence was slaine in rage,
Both by untimely death in natiue land
Lost empire, hope, and died, in timelesse age;
And he whose sword your bloud with furie spilt,
Bereft himselfe of life through cursed guilt.

All ye that fixe your eyes vpon this tombe,
Remember this, that beautie fadeth fast,
That honours are enthralde to haples dombe,
That life hath nothing sure, but soone doth wast:
So liue you then, that when your yeares are fled,
Your glories may suruiue when you are dead.

END OF VERSES FROM A MARGARITE OF AMERICA.

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